THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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GREAT BEND, - - - - KANSAS.

IN THE DARK.

Here in the dark I lie, and watch the stars,
That through the soft gloom shine, like tear-bright eyes
Behind a mourner's veil. The darkness seems
Almost a vapor, palpable and dense,
In which my room's familiar outlines melt,
And all seems one black pall that folds me 'round.
Only a mirror glimmers through the dusk,
And on the wall a dim, uncertain square
Shows where a portrait hangs. Ah, even so
Beloved faces fade into the past,
And naught remains except a space of light,
To show us where they were!
How still it seems!
The busy clock, whose tell-tale talk was drowned
By Day's uproarious voices, calls aloud,
Undaunted by the dark, the tale of Time,
And through the hall its tones ring drearily,
The breeze on tiptoe seems to tread, as though
It were afraid to arouse the drowsy leaves.
The long, dark street is silent. Nothing breaks
The dream of Night, asleep on Nature's breast.
Hark! some one passes. On the pavement stones
Each stealthy step give back a muffled sound,
Till the last footfall seems in distance drowned.
So Death might pass, bent on his mission dark,
Adown the silent street, and none might know
What hour he passed, and what he bore away.
Ah, sadder thought! So Life goes, unawares,
Silent and swift, and resolutely on,
While the dumb world lies folded in the gloom,
Unconscious and uncaring in its sleep.
And towards the west the stars, all silently,
Like golden sands in God's great hour-glass, glide
And fall into the nether crystal globe,
Marking the flight of Life and Death and Time.

—Albion Mary Fellows, in Current.

JAILED IN JAPAN.

The Horrors of Life in a Cage in Tokio.

A Political Prisoner's Experience—Unfortunates Crowded Into Small Pens—Brutalities Practiced by Prison-Keepers —The System a Disgrace.

Tatui Baba, a Japanese now visiting this country, writes to the Washington *Star* the following account of his recent experience in a Tokio prison:

"The Japanese Government has, during the last ten years, been introducing many superficial elements of European civilization, such as dress, dancing, etc., but more fundamental reforms necessary to the welfare of thirty-seven million of people are entirely neglected. One of the matters requiring reform is the Japanese prison system. I was put in the Japanese prison at the end of December, 1885, and kept there under the suspicion of a political offense for six months without any public trial. When a public trial came the public prosecutor could produce nothing worthy of notice and I was set free. My arrest came about in the following way:

"At the time I intended to come to this country, and went to Yokohama, where the Pacific Mail steamships start for San Francisco, to make inquiry about the voyage. I made several purchases as part of the preparations for my journey. I was with another young Japanese gentleman. We passed near a shop kept by an Englishman for the sale of dynamite. We concluded to go in and see the dynamite simply to satisfy our curiosity. We went in and stated that we wanted to see the dynamite. We were told that the man had no dynamite in the shop, as it was kept in a warehouse, and that consequently he could not show it to us. So we left the shop. But the Government spies lurking about there gave information to the Japanese Government to the effect that I had made a contract for the purchase of dynamite. The Japanese Government, always suspicious of those who criticise their policy, immediately arrested me and my friend without any further investigation.

"At first I was brought before Keibu, or three constables, and asked several useless questions, such as 'Who are your friends?' 'Whom do you know?' etc. I was kept in a temporary prison for ten days and sent to the main prison in Kajibashi.

"This prison is situated in a central place of the capital, Tokio, and is under the direct control of the Minister of the Interior. The building is two stories high and made in the shape of a cross. In each story there are forty cages, making eighty in all. Each is nine feet square. The Japanese Government manages to keep many prisoners in this prison for two or three years without any public trial. Each cage generally contains ten or eleven prisoners, who eat and sleep in this small box. Or, perhaps, it is better to say the prisoners try to sleep, heaped up one over another. There are always from eight hundred to nine hundred prisoners kept in this way. Many become sick and some die. I have seen two of the prisoners die within six months. But I am surprised that considering the bad sanitary system, want of exercise, bad food and drink, etc., so few die. I am told more prisoners die after they come out of the prison, where they are sustained by a sort of excitement.

"The outside of each cage is protected by a strong wooden frame. The frame itself becomes a door to let the prisoners in or out. The side facing the yards has a large window, protected with an iron frame, of which the door must not be closed without the permission of the officials, even in the severest winter night. Thus it is a common occurrence that prisoners are found covered with snow. At the corner of this cage, a small tub, containing water for the purpose of drinking and washing, is placed beside two wooden vessels for sewerage purposes. The water is impure as well as filthy. The food furnished to the prisoners consists of a small quantity of a mixture of rice and oats, about a quarter of a pound served sometimes with three pieces of pickle, or with boiled vegetables. Although they give meal three times a day, the quantity is so small that the prisoners become as thin as skeletons. There is an arrangement made which is supposed to be for the benefit of the prisoners. The friends of the prisoners are permitted to send a quarter of a pound of meat once a day, but several absurd formalities must be gone through with before a prisoner can get this meat. Generally the meat is sent away if one makes a very slight error, such as failing to mention the particular prisoner's name, or his place of residence, or the date of his arrest. The most of the prisoners have no means of communicating with their friends. When they are arrested the Government spy or police tell them they need not bring any money with them, as they will be sent back to their homes in a few minutes. When they go to the prison they are kept there six months at least. During this time, if they have any money to pay postage, they are permitted to send their letters, but if they have no money no letter can be sent at public expense. They are never permitted to see their friends until the judge of a secret examination makes up his mind to send a prisoner to the court of public trial.

"The secret examination lasts one year, and sometimes three. Even when the judge of a secret examination decides to send the case to a public trial the prisoner can not write to his friends unless he has money. So, in many cases, he can not obtain the help of a lawyer. Thus it is a farce to say that the Japanese Government gives a fair chance to prisoners to defend themselves before the court of justice. The prisoners are deprived of means of obtaining legal advice. When they are permitted to see their lawyers they have to see them in the presence of two officials, sitting between them. The prisoner is not permitted to speak to his lawyer in a confidential manner.

"As to the clothing of the prisoners, the regulations are most cruel. Even in severe winter the prisoners are not permitted to wear drawers or socks, and are compelled to walk in naked feet, with thin straw sandals. Prison clothing is lent to those who come to the prison during summer, and who have no means to communicate with their friends to have them send them clothing for winter. But it is a thin gown, made of cotton, and each prisoner is given only one. Three of these gowns are not enough to protect the wearer from cold. There being no heating arrangements, the prison is simply freezing. The poor prisoners are in a most miserable condition during the winter. It is but natural that prisoners who have a supply of clothing should take pity on their less fortunate fellows and give or lend them clothing. But if they do they are severely punished, as it is against the regulations of the prison for prisoners to lend their property to one another. Two blankets are supplied to each prisoner for use as bed-clothing, but during the daytime they can not be used in any way to keep the prisoners warm. The prisoners are compelled to sit on mats, but if they place the blankets on the mats and sit upon them, they are punished and the blankets taken from them. They are not permitted to write or do any thing to pass away the time. No writing material is allowed in a cage. If a piece of pencil is found on the person of a prisoner he is severely punished. Whenever permission to write a letter is given a prisoner, he is taken out of his cage to a room, where he is allowed the use of paper and ink. Books used to be supplied, but they are no longer allowed. But the books, even when they were supplied, were the books on the Chinese morality, such as the Book of Confucius, and were scarcely interesting to any reader. Histories, scientific or philosophical works were not allowed. It is scarcely possible to keep prisoners from attempting to do something to pass away the time. Some try to make network from the paper allowed them for writing letters, but as soon as they are found out the paper is taken away and the prisoners are punished.

"The punishment is what is called shokubatsu, or the punishment of food. The food of prisoners is generally reduced to one-third, and the term of punishment lasts from one to two weeks. Food is given in small quantity ordinarily, but when a man is subjected to this punishment it is simply starvation. If it lasts three days the prisoner can scarcely walk. Thus, when a prisoner is to be punished for more than a week it is impossible to carry out the sentence without starving him to death. So, in case of one week's punishment, the ordinary quantity of food is given one day during the week, and the punishment is carried out in eight days. This punishment is inflicted for slight offenses. I know one case of a young man or boy of eighteen years who was kept in the prison two years. Thinking to avail himself of his time to learn arithmetic, he made a calculating instrument out of paper and rice which he saved from his scanty food. But one day he was found out by his prison-keepers and punished with shokubatsu. The keepers are generally walking stealthily about before the cages in order to catch prisoners violating the regulations. In cases of illness there are doctors who will see the prisoners. Whenever a prisoner goes to the doctor's, the rule of these doctors is to say that the prisoners eat too much, and that thin gruel must be given. So the prisoners, for fear of being starved with weak rice gruel, conceal their illness until they are dangerously sick. When it is a fever that might infect the other prisoners in the same cage, the prisoners petition the Governor to send the sick prisoner to the prison hospital. Sometimes the petition is granted, and the prisoner is sent to the prison hospital.

"But the prison hospital is no better than the ordinary cages, and is frequently worse, for many sick persons are crowded into a small space. Some dying prisoners groan throughout the whole night. I was kept in this prison hospital several weeks. In the same cage there was a mad old man, who was arrested by the Japanese authorities on suspicion of being an incendiary, as he was standing with a match in his hand among dirt heaped up in a narrow lane in Tokio. He used to cry out all night, disturbing the other prisoners. In the cage next to mine there was another prisoner, who was kept there for three years, and who died, groaning all night. An insane prisoner never becomes well in this hospital, because the keepers tease him as a means of amusement, and use all sorts of means to excite him.

"Bathing is permitted to prisoners twice a month; but the bathing is one of the dirtiest things I ever saw. There is only one bath place, a square wooden box, about ten feet square, which is filled with hot water. Twenty or thirty prisoners are taken out of their cages and are ordered to press themselves into this box. Only ten minutes are allowed to the prisoners to wash and dress themselves. The water is not changed. The first company of prisoners may find water not very dirty, but after this the water is simply a mixture of mud and dirt.

"The prison is managed by one governor and three chief keepers, who have as subordinates about fifty under-keepers and fifty prison servants. The governor leaves the management of the prison entirely to the chief keepers, who superintend the prisons. They wear a uniform and sword and go around the prison. Under-keepers carry out the orders of the chief keepers, and wear swords also. But the prison servants attend to the humbler duties, such as distributing food, carrying clothing, etc. Night-watching is done by the under-keepers and prison servants. The treatment of prisoners in general is most cruel, and these keepers are always ready to show their petty authority. I know one young man who was beaten and kicked because he said, in speaking to one of the keepers, "You misunderstand me." It is impossible for these keepers to misunderstand any thing, and thus the expression was one of contempt for the officers.

"The Japanese authorities do not understand the distinction between political offenders and common offenders. Political offenders are kept in the same cage with thieves and murderers. They have scarcely any exercise. They are, at rare intervals, allowed to walk about in a narrow yard for ten or fifteen minutes. From time to time they are taken from their cages to be examined in a secret court. But whenever they are taken there their hands are put in irons and tied with a strong rope, the end of which is held by prison servants. No exception is made even in the case of a little boy or a feeble old man. The prisoners are subjected to many brutalities and annoyances. The authorities place every obstacle in the way of justice to the prisoners. It takes one or two weeks for a letter to go from a prisoner to a friend of a prisoner living at the distance only of a few minutes' walk from the prison. The letter must be examined by the governor of the prison, the chief keepers, the judge of the secret court, the public prosecutor and others before it is sent out of the prison. The present Japanese Cabinet hope to obtain the confidence of the European Powers by introducing European dancing, changing women's dress and in other superficial ways aping the European civilization. So long, however, as such a disgrace as the present prison system exists in Japan no civilized Government ought to have any confidence in the sincerity of Japanese reforms."

A Happy Blind Man.

The blind are proverbially more cheerful, more gentle, more human, so to speak, than people deprived in other ways of normal senses and sensibilities. Watching the boys as they reeled off their geometry exercises the historian's memory took up the thought of a blind playmate of his childhood, the cheeriest, chirkest, jolliest boy you ever saw. Ned could whistle louder, spin a top longer, and climb a fence quicker than any boy in that country school. His merry temper and peaceful look grew with his years. A few years ago the historian met him again in a small book store owned by the blind man in a country village. He knew all of his little stock by the touch, and his clerk reads to him continually between customers.

"Well," was the greeting of his old friend, "I see you are taking life as bravely as ever."

"O, yes," said the other, with a smile of peace that no reasonable angel might disdain to wear; "O, yes. The longer I'm blind the better I like it."
—Boston Record.

—A young woman in Sheffield, England, was lately so highly amused at the predicament into which a neighbor got that she broke into a fit of laughter which continued until she fell to the floor unconscious, and died in a short time. Her neighbor's predicament is not stated, but we suspect that she attempted to get into a hammock that was suspended too high.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE JACKSON WHITES.

A Depraved Race With Mormon Habits Living in New Jersey.

In the range known as the Closter Mountains, in Bergen County, N. J., lives a tribe of nondescripts known to the denizens of the surrounding ballywicks as the "Jackson Whites." So far as can be ascertained these people have no other name, and as to its derivation even the oldest inhabitant kens not. The home of the tribe is in the densest part of the mountains and within a short walk of Englewood, and for the precarious existence they enjoy the Jackson Whites forage liberally on the farmers.

The Jackson Whites are for the most part undersized, and their complexion is a cross between that of a last year's dishclout and that of a mauve mule. They have banjo-head features, queer eyes and hair that might be like that of the Caucasian if it could be introduced to a comb. They speak fair English and good "Jersey Dutch," and semi-occasionally pay their debts. In their season blackberries, whortleberries, wild strawberries and other fruit are the principal articles of commerce of Jackson White. In the winter time he becomes a huntsman, and rabbits and squirrels are his special game. These are disposed of for their value in liquor, and when he can't get squirrels or rabbits he raises chickens by vandalizing the nearest poultry-yards. Once in a while a Jackson White so far forgets himself as to work a little. He is a firm believer in woman's rights, however, and will never permit himself to be so ungallant as to work if any of his wives are about. In the harvest season the women of the tribe can be seen engaged in the hay, oat, corn, rye, buckwheat, pea, tomato, turnip or potato fields of Bergen County, while their male friends hold down the top-rails of the adjoining fences earnestly awaiting the arrival of pay-day. Then they visit the nearest village inn, and men and women alike flock about the bars. In many cases the women can outdrink the men.

By climbing the mountain high over a half-trodden path and through brake, briar, bush and bramble, an abode that resembles a dog-house, with an inverted coal-shute atop, was finally reached. Gentle knocks, and the accommodating and hospitable door tumbles inward and discloses the contents of the ramshackle habitation. It swarms with dogs of all sizes and descriptions. The animals having been quieted by a rough voice, the proprietor of the voice emerges from his kennel.

"Well, watcher want?" comes from a yellow-visaged individual, who has not enough clothing on to wad a gun. The writer produced his bottle and this served as the best introduction. The Jackson White became friendly and offered to pilot the visitor through the village, or, rather, shantyage. A peep inside his hut discovered three women and at least a dozen children in all degrees of age, size, dirt and decollete.

"All your family?" was asked.

He misinterpreted the question. "Not all," he said, "two of em's down in the willage washin'."

"Your sisters, or daughters?"

"Humph! my wimmen—them three"—pointing to the adults. "T'other's my kids."

"How many wives have you?"

"Five now this summer, so far; 'll mebbe have mo', mebbe less, fo' summer's over."

At this point a half-nude girl, probably fifteen years of age, came out.

"She your wife?"

"Nixey. Darter!"

The young woman, who, with a little soap, might have been decidedly pretty, was nursing a little one.

"Not 'xactly mar'd," said the Jackson White, "but lives with a feller down the slope. He's got mo'n he wants now. He'll take her back agin' when he gets tired of t'others."

"Are all the men as well fixed for families as you?"

"Some's good, some wuss."

"How do you support them?"

He looked as if he pitied the inquirer's unsophisticatedness.

"They wuck. I hain't got time."

"What do you do?"

"Sometimes hunt, sometimes fish, sometimes loaf."

"Which do you like best?"

"Oh, I take it as it come. Hain't pertickler!"

As near as could be judged, there were about two hundred people in the settlement, and all this within twenty-five miles of New York.—*N. Y. World.*

A Mighty Pleasant Time.

"I have spent a most delightful evening, Miss Breezy," remarked young Mr. Waldo, of Boston, who is in Chicago on business. "To a gentleman far away from home an hour or two such as I have just passed is peculiarly grateful and refreshing."

"Thanks, awfully," responded Miss Breezy.

"As it is quite early," went on Mr. Waldo, "I would be very glad if you and your mother would go with me for a dish of ice cream."

"Thanks," said the young lady, brightly. "I presume mamma is agreeable, and as for myself, Mr. Waldo, my mouth is always wide open for that sort of thing.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Smyth—"De Forest, old fellow, you look melancholy." De Forest—"That's just the way I feel. My case is hopeless." Smyth — "Anybody trifling with your affections?" De Forest—"Yes, my dreams are haunted every night by a face I saw in a soap ad."—*New Haven News.*

THE BUCKWHEAT CROP.

Precautions and Care Necessary to Obtaining a Satisfactory Yield.

The buckwheat crop can not be stored as other crops can on account of the carbonaceous nature of the grain, its dark color, its shape and its moisture. All these combined cause it to oxidize rapidly and to generate considerable heat. All dark-colored porous substances containing carbon have this property of absorbing oxyen, in which process heat is produced. Charcoal, for instance, will absorb so much oxygen as to ignite; oily rags, or waste and shavings will, as is well known, take fire and burn by this spontaneous combustion caused by the absorption of oxygen. It is worse still when buckwheat is left in the chaff and not thrashed, even for twenty-four hours, as the mass will heat so much in this time as to spoil the grain for flour or germination. For this reason it is necessary to thrash the buckwheat from the field, and this necessity controls the manner of harvesting. Buckwheat can be cut with a self-raking reaper, and the gavels are set up on end without binding, so that the straw will dry out more thoroughly. The whole plant is succulent and difficult to dry, and the gavels can not be bound for this reason. The grain hangs to the stems by very weak pedicels, which snap off with great ease when they are dry; hence harvesting should be done when the crop is somewhat damp, lest the grain be wasted to an unprofitable extent. The early morning, after a cloudy night when there is a dew, is the best time to cut this grain. This plant has the habit of continuous flowering until stopped by frost. There are, therefore, ripe grain, green and immature grain, and blossoms on it at the same time. The grains fill the best in the cool weather, and so long as the frosts are delayed the crop should stand to fill out the grain. This peculiarity of the crop makes it desirable to postpone cutting until the day before the frost, if one could only know when this might be, for the longer it stands the greater the yield. A crop which stood and grew until November in one year when there was no frost until then, yielded seventy-five bushels per acre; but when frosts occur in September or soon after, the yield will rarely amount to over twenty-five or thirty bushels to the acre. The gavels, loosely bunched together and not bound, are stood up on end until the straw is dry. The large quantity of sap in the stems flows to the grain, and much of the unripe grain fills and ripens as the gavels stand in the field. It is necessary to watch the crop, as if the weather is wet or cloudy it will dry very slowly, and the thrashing must be done carefully, as the soft, starchy grains are easily broken, and much waste will occur if the thrashing-machine is used, unless there is careful management. The concave and upper teeth of the machine should be removed to avoid beating the grain too much and so breaking it. A piece of smooth plank fitted in place of the concave will secure safe and easy thrashing. As the grain is thrashed it should be cleaned up and separated from the chaff the same day. The grain can not be left in a bin or even in bags safely, but should be spread on a dry floor and turned daily. As the most profitable use for this grain is to make it into flour, and the earliest flour in the market brings the highest price, it is best to take it to the mill and sell it or have it ground as soon as it is thrashed, and before it has had time to take a sweat, which it does soon after thrashing, in consequence of a fermentation which occurs within it. This is a critical time with this grain and should be looked for carefully. Whenever the fermentation occurs the grain should be thinly spread on a dry floor, on a dry, windy day, and thoroughly aired. On account of its starchy character, too, the grain should be ground only on such a day as this, for the flour will absorb moisture and heat injuriously unless this is prevented. Well-managed buckwheat is a profitable crop. There is not much labor in growing or harvesting it, and it occupies the ground less than three months. There is no better crop than this to use for renovating poor grass land, for the sod can be turned under after the grass has been mowed or pastured off in July, and buckwheat sown to be plowed under, or the grass and clover-seed may be sown with the buckwheat. If the crop is plowed under the land may be sown with wheat or with grass and may be sown with wheat or with grass and clover, with some turnips mixed, and a good catch of grass be secured. The best of the turnips may be pulled and the small ones be left to shelter the young grass through the winter, and dying, will afford useful manure in the spring.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—Citron Cake.—Three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of sweet milk, four cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one of cream of tartar. Cut up one-half pound of citron fine and thin and the whites of ten eggs. Cream the butter and sugar; sift the flour and add gradually, then the citron. Beat the eggs until stiff and add last; sift the cream of tartar in the flour and dissolve the soda in a little tepid water. Beat all thoroughly before stirring in the eggs.—*Boston Budget.*

—A. P. S., an observant and very intelligent farmer of Kent County, Md., says humus, vegetable matter, is the great need of our soils, that it is not necessary to buy artificial nitrogen and that the cheap fertilizers are the best. He thinks that the old story of the value of nitrogen is passing away, like other mistakes that have been made.

QUEER CREATURES.

Hideous Reptiles and Insects, Both Harmless and Otherwise.

There are many species of lizards abounding upon the sandy "mesas," and one can hardly move a bit of rock without disturbing the siesta of one or more of these bright-eyed, inoffensive little creatures, which would seem to prove themselves descendants of Eve, for more curious bits of animal life were never known. Thus curiosity will even overcome their natural fears, for while writing upon a large rock two or three came out and ventured clear up to the paper, tasted an envelope, and upon being frightened away soon returned to pursue their investigations, which, could a person keep quiet enough, would be carried to a rather obnoxious point.

The horned toad is another little animal which seems to have a fondness for human company, and many of them make their home under porches and steps. They much aesemble a large lizard, save that around their necks are a number of sharp, protruding horns, about half an inch long and the same distance apart, and which give to them a most ferocious look. They are of a dark stone color and perfectly harmless. There are quite a good many centipedes, which, however, it is well to inspect from a distance. Upon seeing the first one running across a room a person is ready to take his oath that the reptile is not less than three feet in length, but which, upon actual measurement, would probably be about nine inches, as that is the average length. They are a sort of transparent brown and have two rows of legs the entire length of the body. They are put together in sections and look like the hundred-legged worms often found in Ohio around rotten wood or under old boards. It is not the bite of the centipede that is so poisonous, but each end of his numerous claws contains the venom, and when frightened, or an attempt is made to brush him off, every claw is fastened into the flesh and the poison discharged. The only way when one gets onto any portion of the flesh is to keep perfectly quiet until the visitor walks off of his own account. This, however, is a by no means easy thing to do, as one at a first impulse is very apt to make a decided endeavor to remove the offender. This poison is never known to prove fatal, but produces an intense irritation which will affect the whole system in the same manner as the bite of a rattlesnake.

Tarantulas are to be found quite plenty in the mountains, and when camping out our party had frequently to shoot a number in order to clear a spot on which to spread their blankets. This may seem small game for shooting, but a man's revolver is his handiest weapon in this country. These tarantulas look like huge spiders, with legs about two inches long and covered with long black hair. It is not safe to get too near one of these creatures, as they are capable of springing into the air several feet and are apt to get too near one for personal comfort; yet, if left alone, they will never molest one. But they are furious warriors among themselves, often fighting one another for several days. Their bite is poisonous, but not dangerously so. Scorpions are found to be quite plenty around the foot-hills, and their sting is very painful. They resemble a monstrous flea and are very fond of crawling into beds. Many people, newcomers especially, are in the habit of making a thorough examination of their couch before retiring, not caring to receive the warm reception which would be awarded them by these small intruders. There is a small insect about the size of a flea, dark brown color and without wings, which lives in the sand and is said to be the most poisonous of any thing here. It is called the "Indian killer," that being the only name for it that can be learned. It, however, is almost unknown, and after a residence of several months I have never seen but one, and that a dead one.—*Globe (A. T.) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

ARTISTS IN CRIME.

How the Accomplished Outlaws of Mexico Assault Their Victims.

The criminal classes in Mexico are among the most accomplished artists in their line to be found anywhere on the face of the earth, and possess, moreover, a marvelous power of simulating innocence, which enables them to impose upon the most incredulous. They employ the latter faculty to great advantage in securing situations as servants, in which capacity they find ample scope for their genius. If you detect them in thieving and discharge or punish them their vindictiveness knows no bounds, and they will boldly threaten future vengeance. Nor are they slow in concocting schemes to that end with sundry gentlemen of the garrote or the stiletto, who—outwardly as respectable as anybody—prowl the streets nightly in the interests of their employers. The pleasant possibilities are that some fine evening when you least expect it—perhaps as you are returning from the opera, humming a favorite morceau, or revolving sweet plans for love or lucre—such fancies will be dispelled by a sudden rain of cudgels upon your devoted head, or, worse yet, by the keen thrust of a nabaja into the back of your best claw-hammer coat just between the shoulders. If you be not killed outright and yell for the police the chances are ten to one (you being a foreigner) the assassins will assert, in voluble Spanish, that you attempted to murder them, and the police will finish what they failed to accomplish.—*City of Mexico Letter.*